

# BINDING UP THE WOUNDS OF THOSE WHO FALL ON THE EUROPEAN BATTLE LINES



REMOVING BRITISH WOUNDED FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Work of Hospital Corps of the Armies—Gathering the Wounded From the Field—Various Hospital Stations—How They Are Moved as Battle Progresses. When the Red Cross Workers Were Caught in the New Struggle.

follow the advancing line at any cost, but the men wearing the Geneva crosses carried litter, for they were of the regimental aid detachments of the hospital corps.

The shock delivered by the impact of a shrapnel ball is greater than that of a rifle bullet. The former is larger and softer and has no sharp point to pierce its way easily through flesh, and as the blast which has devastated the head of the column was from shrapnel, most of the stricken men were knocked out by ugly wounds.

When the aid detachment reached the corporal the dull stain growing on the left shoulder of the tunic was unbuttoned and the shirt beneath was unbuttoned away by scissors from the emergency pouch, disclosing the injury where it bathed the medical identification tag hung about the corporal's neck, with a crimson splash.

From the rear of the waist cartridge belt on the corporal's hospital corpsman pocket the hermetically sealed first-aid packet and tore it open. The soft medicated compresses were applied over the gaping hole in the white flesh, the bandages were adjusted, to the ambulance company's aid detachment man was taken to the roadside, to be cared for and taken to the rear by the ambulance company's aid detachment men coming up, for the position of the first-aid men was directly in rear of their battalion and they must move. But before leaving, a non-commissioned officer whipped out a book of tags, scrawled a hasty description of the wound location upon one, tore it from the stub and tied the tag to a button on the corporal's coat. The first step in the care of the wounded had been taken.

One member of the aid detachment had been left with the row of stricken. While the battle raged ahead, he busied himself giving what care and comfort to the wounded possible, and after a few moments stretcher bearers came up from the dressing station, and the leading ambulance company came up from the dressing station, and the rear and commenced gathering the dead. The dead were left where they lay.

Behind a gentle swale, where a sparkling brook ran down a little gully, the dressing station was found, just off the roadside. With its staff wedged in the crook of a tree, a Red Cross flag floated from a pole, and from several directions the litter bearers came, bearing their fresh-cut victims to the place where was laid out its crimson toll.

The wounded scarcely made a sound here and there, as they were laid out on the ground. The head of the column gasped or moaned rhythmically. And often the faint sobs ceased abruptly and the stricken were turned

tents, for the houses of a village had been impressed into service. Already the cooks had fires going, and the great camp kettles and boilers gave out a savory smell on the evening breeze, for one of the most important duties of the service, after the attention to wounds, is the providing of stimulating food, soups and hot concoctions, for the patients. After the grueling havoc of a long fight, following great effort and long wait, vitality falls low and it is necessary

for speedy recuperation, that it be restored immediately. Ambulances came and went in a steady stream. Already the capacity of the hospital was taxed to the utmost, and it became necessary to begin the evacuation of the wounded without delay. Other ambulances from the advance section of the line of communications were put into use, and in addition the empty wagons of the supply service going to the rear soon be delivered to them.

Supply columns went through the town in an apparently unending stream. Great motor-lorries, loaded with patients until they seemed top-heavy, careened from side to side as they spluttered east. Mule wagons and trim ammunition columns stood parked in side streets, awaiting their turn to take the road for the front, and detachments of rolling cavalrymen swept along, with strings of haltered horses requisitioned from the neighborhood farmers to replace the horses lost in action.

As each train was filled it was dispatched on the way to the base, where the wounded would be cared for at last or sent along on their way home. The red cross was painted on the side of each car, and the engine itself bore the emblem on a flag at the pilot.

The curious inhabitants clustered around the various points of interest as closely as the sentries would permit, while some kind souls, inspired by the compassion for suffering which knows no enemy, offered the shelter of their houses and their personal care to any of the wounded, and the officers were gratefully accepted by that cool medical officer, the chief surgeon.

The street was still littered with the debris of a few hours ago. Walls were torn by shell fragments; overturned carts, smashed by the same devastation, had been pushed to the roadside as the rough barricades were removed, but the order of a well-organized line of communication service marked the activities, and there seemed little hitch in the arrangements of transportation.

Out at the front, where the firing lines of friend and foe faced one another across the contested zone of battle, the sun was sinking. The battle had raged to and fro, where an attack would achieve temporary success, and the line would be pushed ahead half a mile or more, only to be hurled back by the arrival of fresh reserves. The intervening space was dotted thickly with gruesome forms huddled in misery.

One of the best business of the army is to fight. Humanity dictates the giving of the prompt relief to the stricken, but when the life of a nation hangs in the balance many must bear their sufferings as a contribution to the needs of the state. After all, the main purpose of removing the wounded from the front is not so much to relieve their

permission of the officer in charge, and as many of the wounded as could be moved without serious threat to their chances of life were sent rearward another lap, to the evacuation points on the line of communications.

The evacuation point was located at a little town on the railway, some miles to the rear. On the sidings stood extemporized hospital, trains all made up in anticipation of the load of suffering freight which would soon be delivered to them.

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BELGIAN RED CROSS NURSES DRESSING A SOLDIER'S WOUNDS.

## TSINGTAU, BEING BOMBARDED BY THE JAPANESE, IS GERMANY'S "SPOTLESS TOWN" IN CHINA

Mrs. Reginald F. Nicholson, Wife of Rear Admiral Nicholson, Tells of the Fortified Town of Kiaochow Province. Has Had Many Delightful Experiences in China—Sidelights on the People and Their Customs.

proviso that it shall be returned to China on payment of the money expended. The calmly picked up the Chinese population have and baggage, moved them back from the sea some three miles and proceeded to build model villas, with concrete houses and all modern improvements, and install them. The Chinese took to it kindly, for after the first shock had passed, they decided that cleanliness was excellent policy and, since there is no interference with personal liberties and all the like, they submit to German rule with good grace.

"As for the foreign quarter, which skirts the water front, it is difficult to believe that it is Chinese at all. In the first place the Germans have erected the beginnings of a charming fortress. They have planted myriads of trees of quick growing varieties, and have coaxed them into growing where before was only a sandy waste, with scarce a spear of grass in sight. They have built miles upon miles of excellent roads. The houses are of stone or concrete, sturdy built, with red tiled roofs and set in pretty gardens. The whole effect is of some comfortable, attractive suburb of Berlin, heightened by the omnipresent and particularly German "verboten" signs, which every spot where it is possible for a sign to be displayed.

"Naturally the fortifications, which are particularly fine, are a forbidden ground. Even those of us who spent the summer in Tsingtau knew nothing of their plan and only vaguely of their position. I remember an American naval officer, who was strolling about one day, and his path led him to a sweetheart at home, and neglected to take warning from a large "verboten" sign posted on his path. He came to rather suddenly, accosted by a sentry. Explanations were entirely ignored and he was dragged, protesting, to jail, and kept there for several hours, until the American consul could be located and persuaded to bail him out.

The foreign element from Shanghai, Hongkong, and indeed all about that section of China, flock to Tsingtau for the summer months. The climate is delightful and the little colony forms a gay society. There are two big hotels, one in the town and one a short way out the beach; splendid polo grounds, with three or four matches scheduled

each week; swimming, tennis, golf, dancing, and a continuous round of entertaining. Each season there is a gymkhana lasting six days, then there are floral parades, a society circus, horse races and gay doings generally. Horse racing is very popular throughout China, or rather pony racing, though horse is practically an unknown quantity, with gentlemen riders in the saddle, and the races attract the gala crowds of the season.

"There were only seven American women at Tsingtau, all service women, when we were there, for somehow Americans seem to prefer to summer at Crefo and Pel-tai-ho, but there were many English people and, of course, crowds of Germans.

"Mrs. Nicholson was Miss Elizabeth Code of San Francisco. Since her marriage to Admiral Nicholson some years ago she has traveled extensively, here twice circling the globe and has spent much time in the east. She is a woman of attractive personality, good-looking and animated, particularly when it is speaking of her experiences in the orient, and she loved the life and delights to talk of it.

"When the American fleet went round the world about six or seven years ago Admiral Nicholson, then captain, commanded one of the ships. His wife followed the fleet, and it was then that she first went to China. Their last visit began something more than two years ago, when Admiral Nicholson was ordered to take command of the Asiatic squadron, and on this trip Mrs. Nicholson spent almost the entire time in China. The Chinese revolutionary troubles kept the fleet in the neighborhood of Shanghai a great part of the time, and it was there Mrs. Nicholson made her headquarters.

"Was I glad to come home?" in reply to the reporter's question. "Well, yes and no. It is good to see old friends again, but the life out there is very fascinating. In the first place, there is no such thing as the servant question, at least in China. Chinese servants are the best in the world, so 'savy,' which

means a sort of combination of smart, willing, intelligent and a dozen other qualities highly desirable and seldom found. The first, however, is that they are obedient and takes all the burden of the housekeeper's shoulders. And then the atmosphere is rather carefree. There is a good deal of gaiety and the life is always changeable and interesting.

Mrs. Nicholson says that when she reached Shanghai, in April, 1912, some five or six years after her last visit, she was enormously impressed with the changes that had taken place in so short a time. The first thing that struck her was the number of women in the street. On her first visit, she says, a high-class woman in the streets of Shanghai was a great rarity, but now they are much in evidence.

"I even saw a number of Chinese ladies driving automobiles—splendid cars, too," continued Mrs. Nicholson. "They used to be carried about in sedan chairs, with drawn curtains. Also foot binding has been practically discontinued, and the girls whose feet have already been tortured out of shape are now trying to spread them out. It used to be no unusual sight in Shanghai, when the silk mills were changing shifts, to see a coolie trundling a wheelbarrow with from six to a dozen Chinese women in it. Their feet were so small that they were not ready to toil for their bare existence over the looms. They, of course, were born too late to profit by the new order of things, but women of the coming generation will have one less horror with which to contend.

"One appalling thing about China is the hopeless poverty, the myriad people who spend their lives toiling just for enough to eat to keep up their strength to continue toiling. I remember once, when a coolie narrowly escaped being killed, some one spoke of his being lucky. He only shrugged his shoulders. "Makee die, no must catches chow," he remarked; and that is the attitude of an appalling number.

"Another mark of emancipation is the almost entire disappearance of eunuchs. In the Chinese quarter of Shanghai it was even carried so far that if a man refused to sacrifice his cue the soldiers would seize him and cut it off. It was rather curious that the only cues in evidence were worn

by the servants of foreigners. They clung to the old idea somehow, and I remember hearing one Englishwoman exclaiming, "I dismiss her mafoo (coachman) for cutting off his hair."

"Never mind, missie, I fix him," was his reply. The next time he turned up he had a bearded, borrowed or stolen cue sewed into his hat.

In the course of the conversation sometimes one of the more extraordinary fashions seen in the streets these days. "If you want to see extraordinary members of the searching squads loaded upon them. Horses came, swung wounded men upon their backs with the hold taught them by their surgeons, and staggered back with their shattered burdens, and the men in litter on their backs or slung at each side, were led out and men had a bearded, borrowed or stolen cue sewed into his hat.

The new Chinese flag is very much in evidence everywhere. It is a curious striped banner, with every color of the rainbow in it, and has quite superseded the old dragon flag. Indeed, the dragons are being made in the old designs, and consequently the value of the fine old pieces is increasing rapidly.

Mrs. Nicholson made an interesting trip to Peking and visited the American minister, William C. Calhoun, and Mrs. Calhoun. Peking is gay, she says, very gay; but neither so cosmopolitan nor so interesting as Shanghai. She was par-

ticularly struck with the great popularity of the Calhouns among the foreign colony in Peking. All the foreign people, she said, regarded Mr. Calhoun with the greatest admiration and were entirely devoted to Mrs. Calhoun.

Peking was still stirred over the revolution. Mrs. Nicholson was with the fleet in Shanghai through most of the excitement, but Mrs. Nicholson did not arrive until the trouble was practically over. The great admiration and were entirely devoted to Mrs. Calhoun.

Admiral Nicholson was with the fleet in Shanghai through most of the excitement, but Mrs. Nicholson did not arrive until the trouble was practically over. The great admiration and were entirely devoted to Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. Nicholson made the trip home via the Suez canal and southern Italy. En route she spent some time in Manila, her second visit there. American rule has worked many changes in the last few years, she said, and the town is full of interesting contrasts. She also visited Baguio, the Simla of the Philippines, where all Americans, who can, go for the hot weather. It is a heavenly spot deep in the hills and surrounded by pine woods, with a magnificent view.

The Nicholsons were out of Europe before the war broke out, having been in this country some time in July. Admiral Nicholson is now on duty at the Navy Department and they will make their home in Washington this winter.

Politics. "THERE is a difference between a statesman and a politician," said Simeon Ford of New York, at a political banquet. "Oh, yes, there's a great difference between statesmen and politicians."

Mrs. Ford tapped the side of his nose roughly with his forefinger. "The difference between a statesman and a politician," he said, "is that the statesman rules the country, and the politician rules the statesman."

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MRS. REGINALD F. NICHOLSON, Wife of Rear Admiral Nicholson.



HE Germans may lose Kiaochow, the Chinese concession which is causing so much trouble in the east, but it will be long before Kiaochow will lose the "made in Germany" mark, with which it has been impressed.

The speaker was Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Rear Admiral Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., recently in command of the Asiatic squadron, who has just returned from two years spent in the orient.

Tsingtau, the fortified town of the Kiaochow province, particularly, is a curious anomaly. The continued, "known all along the China coast as 'Spotless Town'; a bit of modern Germany set down in medieval China; a place rivaling the gayest of European spas as a summer resort; governed by a German naval officer and yet, causing so much to the entire satisfaction of the large Chinese population.

"When the Germans took Tsingtau after the Boxer troubles—they held it on a ninety-nine-year lease, with the